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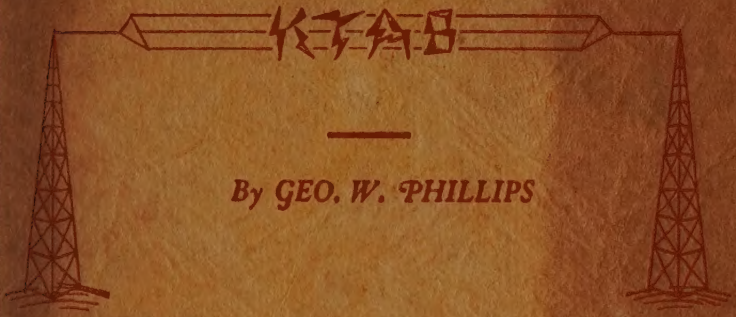

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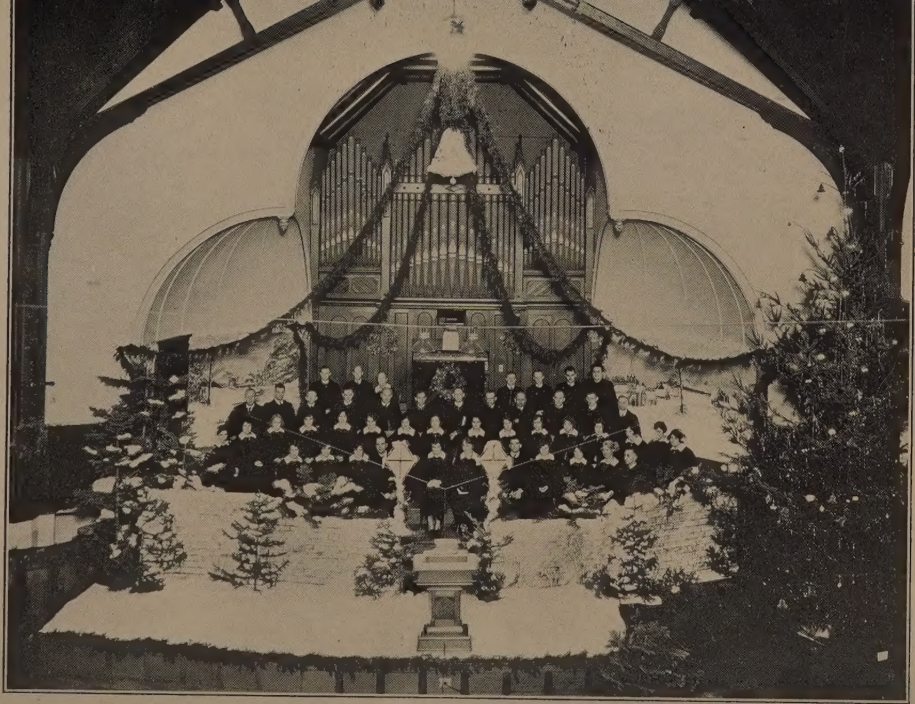

The Choir

ECHOES FROM THE GREAT BEYOND

A SERMON PREACHED

— *By* —

GEO. W. PHILLIPS

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SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19, 1930.

TENTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

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THIS is not a written sermon carefully prepared for the press. It was dictated exactly as it was preached and before the impulse of delivery had subsided.

When it was delivered, I entertained no thought of its publication. This has been brought about merely by the insistent demand of a great number of people.

Geo. W. Phillips

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Echoes from the Great Beyond

MAN lives his life in two worlds. Last Sunday evening we devoted ourselves to things terribly mundane. We discussed the Christmas issue. We mingled with the crowds, rubbed elbows with the throngs of shoppers in the department stores, beheld the gaudy glitter of material things. We tried to get beneath the surface and catch deep human heart throbs.

Last Sunday evening we spoke also of the piracy on our high seas, saw the flash of the rum-runner and hi-jacker as they darted through the waves under cover of the dark; saw the American flag stained with unholy blood.

Last Sunday evening also brought to the fore the dance hall situation. We beheld the tragedy of ruined lives, outraged virtue, wrecked homes, womanhood morally bedraggled.

An apology for dealing in such issues is unnecessary. The true prophet, as I told you this morning, is at once the man of eternity, and the man of the

8233

hour. Holding steadily toward the life that is to come, he dares not overlook the life that now is.

Tonight, however, our thought takes wings. Tonight we ascend to altitudes. Leaving the sphere of material things, we soar to the heights.

ECHOES FROM THE GREAT BEYOND.—

Please do not judge me to be impractical. Please do not banish me to the dream world of the visionary. I contend that the subject before us this evening, is one of the most practical that could possibly engage the thoughts of men. Some subjects apply to sections of a community, to individuals or groups in a congregation. This subject applies to absolutely everyone, man or woman, young or old, rich or poor, sad or glad, pessimist or optimist, Christian or atheist.

Life comprises a mass of uncertainties. The landscape of the future rises before us, overhung by clouds which frame themselves into a crimson interrogation point. That future may hold sadness or gladness, sunshine or shadow, pathways of roses or pathways of thorns. Our enterprises may be successful or disastrous. Our friends may be true or false. "We know not what the future holds, of sadness or surprise." But amid all this uncertainty, one supreme certainty

confronts us—*we all must die.* In twenty years the great majority of the average life in this room or listening in on the radio, will be tremendously involved in the subject that engages our thought tonight.—ECHOES FROM THE GREAT BEYOND.

I shall present my subject through the medium of a number of questions.

QUESTION NUMBER ONE:

Does science negative immortality?

I reply with an emphatic NO. I venture further to say that science rather favors the probability of immortality for the following reasons:

Science is more constructive than destructive. It does not so much destroy the world that we perceive, *it rather expands that world to new and unsuspected magnitudes.* It does not make my universe smaller, it makes it larger.

Science lays hold of insignificant things and makes them marvelous.

Take for instance the honey bee. Before I regarded the honey bee from the scientific standpoint, it was a simple, though interesting bit of nature. One end gathered in sweetness, the other projected pain. We stole its honey, and received its sting. But when I began to consider the honey bee from the standpoint

of the scientist, then a universe of marvels opened. The sting under the microscope revealed a sharpness in the presence of which the finest cambric needle became as blunt as a crowbar. The sting further revealed barbs finely adjusted, so as to fasten the gaff into the flesh of its victim. The sting further revealed the fact that it was fluted. It was a hypodermic syringe. At the bottom was a poison sac containing an acid at once blood-poisonous and internally poisonous, and there were delicately adjusted muscles, the reaction of which pumped the contents of the poison sac into its victim with even greater certainty than a doctor's finger on a hypodermic syringe.

And that was only one end of the bee. The proboscis end, with its facilities for gathering honey, the adaptation of the honey-gathering apparatus to the length and the shape of the corolla tubes of the blossoms, revealed details of adjustment positively bewildering; and I have said nothing of the chemical laboratory within the bee for ripening nectar into honey and eliminating the process of fermentation; I have said nothing of the problem of parthenogenesis, the bewildering mystery of the male bee which has no father; I have said nothing of the wisdom, the marvelous wis-

dom involved in the hexagon cell of the comb. In fact there is an eternity of wonder in that one solitary insect.

My friends, if science has expanded the marvel of an insect's biological process until it approaches the very infinite, has that same science taken the most glorious work of creation, the human personality, and shrunken it to become a thing of negligible nothingness?

Again, may I remind you that science nowhere runs into blind alleys? Things known are merely suggestive of vaster hinterlands wherein reside things unknown. Always the open roads are calling, always the unexplored is beckoning.

Take that little group of stars, the Pleiades: In my youthful years, what did the Pleiades mean to me? Only the poetic beauty of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall".

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads rising
thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled
in a silver braid."

Seven stars there were; the unaided eye beheld them so. Then science came, and lo, did the seven stars shrink and shrivel? Not so. Those seven stars in-

volved a veritable immensity. The cosmic spaces involved in that little group of stars, were greater than the entire universe my unaided eye beheld.

Driving with my wife the other day to a lecture engagement in the northern part of this State, we came to the Carquinez bridge and beheld a wonderful spectacle. A glorious rainbow arched itself across the channel. We stopped the machine just to admire the vision. Yet as I looked, I was conscious that what I saw was merely a fragment of reality. For science had come and science had told me that what I beheld, was merely the objective equation of my own faculties of perception; that out there was not the measure of the rainbow, but the measure of my mind. And science had come to tell me that the rainbow at either seeming limit of color, spread on, only God knows, into what ranges. Science had come to tell me of "ultra-violet rays" at one end, and of "infra-red rays" at the other.

And what is true of physics and astronomy is true of chemistry and biology and every other science. Hinterlands, vast hinterlands unexplored—everywhere an expanding universe.

And what about the world of the mind, the world of the human spirit? Is that the only thing that

shrinks and shrivels under scientific investigation? Absurd! Why, my brothers and sisters, science has not yet discovered even adequate tools to investigate the supreme phenomenon of the whole universe, the phenomenon of the human soul.

I say the "supreme phenomenon" and I stand by the statement for it is the soul which investigates everything else. The rainbow does not investigate the human soul, the human soul investigates the rainbow. The stars do not analyze the human spirit, the human spirit analyzes the stars. Tell me that the biggest thing in the universe is the only negligible thing, and again I cry, "*Absurd!*". To the human spirit the eternities are beckoning.

Again: Science has taught us the great law of conservation of energy. Matter may change its form but its mass may never be reduced by one iota.

Take a cupful of water. You may freeze it into ice. You may take that ice and pound it into fragments, scatter those fragments in the dust, trample them under foot. They are all there. Melt the ice, it becomes water again, or evaporate it and it becomes gaseous, passes out to mingle with the clouds of the sky, flies to some distant mountain peak, falls again in rain.

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But destroy it?—There is no power in the universe to destroy it. It is all there.

No power in existence can destroy one drop of water. Is my soul, the supreme thing in the universe, of less survival value than a drop of water? Is the spiritual inferior to the physical? Do we live in a universe so cynical in its essence that spiritual values are less than the dust?

Two distinct entities we know on earth, matter and mind. One is seen, the other unseen; one is ponderable, the other imponderable. Those two entities combine in the psycho-physical organism we call man. Two distinct entities, I say. There may be a bridge between the two, but so far the combined intelligence of all scientific minds has been unable to span the gulf.

The day is past, I trust, when the cynical formula is seriously held that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. My personality is not my body; my body is the instrument through which my spiritual entity makes contact with the material world by which my selfhood is at present environed.

My mind uses my body much as Miss Fording uses that organ. There are a great number of stops and a vast array of keys. There are various effects caused by various combinations. If anything goes wrong

with that organ, a defective stop, a broken key, to that extent the organ fails to function and the music becomes sadly discordant. And the finer the instrument, the greater Miss Fording's possibilities for artistic expression.

That roughly presents the parallel of body and soul.

Paul pictures the body as a building whose tenant is the soul. That building may become dilapidated with age, it may be splintered by storm or tempest, its walls cave in, its roof disintegrate, its windows shatter, but watching the sad vandalism of the years, the great apostle could lift his voice in triumph, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

But let us pass on. You are urging upon me a second question.

QUESTION NUMBER TWO:

What picture can you bring us of the Great Beyond? What is it like?

I don't know. Jesus never limned the details for us. Jesus merely assumed it as a glorious reality and left the discovery of its details to comprise for each

human soul of us, the supreme surprise, the radiant romance of eternity.

Take the opening words of the fourteenth chapter of John. There are two great assumptions which Jesus makes in that chapter. First of all he makes the assumption that every rational soul by instinct and by reason believes in a First Cause, although the character of that First Cause, may be from the standpoint of reason, entirely unknowable. God is the "*x*" in life's equation. The question is to find known values for "*x*"; hence his opening words: "Let not your heart be troubled: *ye believe in God, believe also in me.*" I am the expression of the unknown "*x*" in terms of known values.

That is the first assumption, faith in God. The second is man's instinct for immortality. It is something that is inwrought into the very texture of the soul. Jesus said, you are not following a phantom. Your instinct leads to an objective reality. "In my Father's house are many mansions, *if it were not so I would have told you.*"

Note that he does not say, "I have come to tell you so." God has already built that knowledge into your soul. If you were following a chimera he would have undeceived you. God has placed in you an eye,

and objectively there is light for that eye; an auditory nerve, and objectively there is sound; an instinct for eternity, and objectively a homeland for the soul. "If it were not so I would have told you."

But Jesus does not at all go into details, and even St. John in the most rapturous flight of his ecstacy, declares a divine agnosticism when in the memorable words he confesses his ignorance: *"It doth not yet appear what we shall be"!*

From the very nature of the case I say we cannot know, and yet I am here to venture the assertion that that other world is a vastly more glorious thing, a sphere more unthinkably wonderful than our most illuminated visions can perceive, or our most extravagant optimism forecast.

Let me try to illustrate. About twenty-eight years ago I came to this country. Up to that period I had never beheld a snowflake. I had lived the first twenty years of my life in the tropics. In August of that year I went to work in a northern Ohio factory which employed something like three hundred and sixty men, and if you will permit a little hyperbole, three hundred and fifty-nine of those men tried to tell me what snow was like. One said it was like scraps of white paper thrown up in the air, and driven by the

wind. Another said it was like white flour, another said it was like feathers of a bird pluming in midair, another said it was like salt,—and so on, and so on.

Then came Thanksgiving Day of that year. We had a great snow storm, and for the first time in my life I looked upon the snowflakes piling up against the windowpanes. And when I beheld that marvelous thing, its immaculate whiteness, its wonderful crystalline forms, the soft witchery of its sheen upon the landscape, I saw how infinitely above all attempted explanations, was the glory and wonder of the snow.

I am here to tell you tonight that if God were to send the Angel Gabriel fresh from the realms of glory to tell us what the other world is like, that angel would find it entirely impossible to elucidate for us the wonder of the Great Beyond. Why? Because we have at present no parallel antecedent experience. It is beyond our range. Try to visualize for example, a new color, a new musical note, a new fruit. It is like trying to construct a fourth dimension to space. There must be an antecedent experience out of which the new concept may spring. Let us rather listen to our great contralto's song of jubilation—a Mother's response to her questioning child,

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,

Ear hath not heard its sweet songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there.
Time hath not breathed on its deathless bloom.
Far beyond the grave and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child."

And that wondrous secret most of us in this auditorium will be solving in the next twenty years.

QUESTION NUMBER THREE:

Has psychic research made any valid contribution to the subject of the life hereafter?

Yes, and no.

"No". The whole subject is so wrapped up in fraud and charlatanism as to distress the serious seeker after truth. Houdini's exposures are too well-known to need comment. Much of the purported communications with the spiritual world are trivial, puerile, if not to say grotesque. Here is hoping that if some medium after I am dead, reports some saying of mine as an echo from the Great Beyond, she will at least let me use good grammar or speak upon a subject worthy of one who has glimpsed something of yon eternal mystery.

So much for the "no" of my question. Now for the "yes" of it.

We have before us, my friends, a mass of psychic phenomena which cannot all be thrown overboard, and which, to say the least, embodies items tremendously suggestive of outlying regions beyond the borders of what we ordinarily call "sense preception".

Margaret De Land puts it something after this fashion: Place all of these phenomena in a sieve, and sift them; sift them mercilessly. Let everything go through that sieve that can be gotten through, and when you have sifted until you can sift no more, then look into the sieve and see if you have anything left.

My friends, I tell you not much need be left. If after the sifting, one scintilla of fact remains, then may you lift your voices in shouts of triumph, for you have established the reality of the spiritual.

And I think the totality of human experiences will lead most of us to believe that there *is* something left in the sieve.

On Thursday morning of this week, my wife went about with a vivid picture of her friend's face upon her mind; she could not shake off the impression. Then came the morning mail. A letter from the woman's sister. Dead! *What was it?*

Some years ago I awoke after midnight, startled by a dream so realistic that a presence seemed to

pervade the place. I awoke my wife, and told her. She made comment that I was only dreaming. As soon as the mail could arrive, I found that while I was dreaming, that soul in question, was passing from world to world. *What was it?*

Russell Conwell in his study beheld a presence. It was his wife who had left him a while before. Reclining alone in his study, he beheld her, reached his arms toward her—she vanished from his sight. *What was it?*

Prayer that braves the gap between two worlds, prayer that continues with undying force generation after generation, century after century, prayer whose ultimate hope is that the world of unseen realities is being tapped,—prayer that avowedly lays hold of mystic forces. *What is it?*

Three times in my life I have had startling and immediate answers to prayer: At least twice the inward assurance of the answered prayer was mine, although in one instance the objective answer was being consummated four miles away, and in the other case sixteen miles away. Yet I possessed the absolute assurance in my soul that the answer had come. *What was it?*

The phenomenon of the Christian centuries, the

Resurrection of Jesus, *what was it?* Eleven broken and defeated disciples galvanized by the celestial dynamic of a Presence. *What was it?*

Saul and his company on their murderous way to Damascus—a light that strikes them to the dust—a Presence, divine. A Voice which transforms the man on the spot. *What was it?*

The miraculous and immediate conversion of a soul, so that a man who kneels a sinner with every sin conceivable fastened upon him, a few minutes after rises from his knees a saint. *What is it?*

The vision which millions and millions and millions of the world's loftiest minds, most gigantic intelligences, purest spirits have unweariedly followed millenium after millenium. *What is it?*

The glory that breaks upon the deathbed of the saints of God. *What is it?*

Sift it all down, and find me the residue of one grain of fact, and you have validated the reality of the spiritual. And he indeed would be a brave man who would hold up an empty sieve in the presence of an observing world, and cry, "There is nothing!"

Nevertheless the Christian bases his faith, not upon speculation, but upon the teaching of Jesus, whom we accept as the risen Lord and Saviour, and from this

point on in my sermon, I shall ask you to get those echoes from the Great Beyond which fall from the Master's lips. From this point on then, bring to your mind the parable which I read you, [the rich man and Lazarus, Luke 16:19 to 31] and answer the remaining questions in the light of that parable.

QUESTION NUMBER FOUR:

Does memory continue into the Great Beyond? Do we waken in the morning with no knowledge of life's yesterdays, or is there a bridge between world and world?

Jesus answers that question with an emphatic "*yes*". Two words leap from the parable in response to the question: "Son, remember." Memory has bridged the gap.

Have you ever observed how vividly in life's last moments the past comes flashing back upon him who is dying? I do not definitely recall, but I think it was Dr. Thompson in his book, "Brain and Personality", who relates in substance the following incident:

An old peasant woman was dying. The moment of final unconsciousness had come, when suddenly to the amazement of the physician and those beside her, she broke forth in recital of a perfect torrent of

classical Latin. Soon after she passed away. The case was of intense interest, and a search was made to discover the antecedents of the old peasant woman. It was found that as a child of about five years, she lived in the home of a German professor of classical languages. Her Mother had been his housekeeper. The professor often took the child to his study and she would remain seated there with her dolls while he paced the floor, committing or reciting portions of the classics. Nearly seventy years of forgetfulness had stretched between, yet when the hour of death arrived, memory clarified and classical echoes reached across the chasm of those seventy darkening years.

I knew of a woman who could not die until she called for and obtained a dishonest document which had wrought havoc during her lifetime. She handed it over to her attendant, and then she passed.

In the tropical islands I have heard of fishermen drowning who had come to the point of unconsciousness, and were afterwards rescued and resuscitated. These men have told that in that last moment their entire lives were mirrored before them in an instant, as the whole sky is mirrored in a dewdrop.

Napoleon Bonaparte, dying on St. Helena, oblivi-

ous to all around him, fought again in all the vivid details, every great battle of his life.

"Wild was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there raged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by—
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed;
And again on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountains,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountains.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle ;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannon's rattle."

"Son, remember." Memory,—what a word! There are sights which haunt us. We cover our eyes and

shut them out. There are sounds which distress us. We may close our ears, exclude them. But memory, memory! There is no escape from memory. Oh, the torment of it! "Which way I go is hell, myself am hell." Terrible indeed the verdict of eternity to the soul that has a tragic past. "Son, remember."

But thank God the obverse side of the picture is as beautiful as this is tragic. Oh, memory, memory, what would life be without memory? Faces that come back when twilight shadows flicker, voices whose blessed music steals into the quiet shrine of the midnight hour. Memories, memories, golden memories to mingle at last in the paradise of God. "Son, remember." God be praised that memories survive.

QUESTION NUMBER FIVE:

Will personality merge into the great homogeneous impersonal? Will my life be like the raindrop returning to the abysmal ocean from which it sprung, or will there be individuation and personal recognition in the Great Beyond? I mean in popular parlance, *"Will we know each other there?"*

Jesus answers, "Yes." Abraham, Dives, Lazarus, all recognized each other. Let us not be ambiguous on this point. We are facing one of two conditions, and

upon these, certain inescapable results are contingent. Let us, I say, not be ambiguous. Either we shall know each other or we shall not.

Now get the implications. If "not", then life is sad indeed. My brother, is the family circle unbroken? Has death never entered your home? Are you all bound together by the bonds of love? Look at that little woman who has been the partner of the years. Think of all she has been to your life. Look at the little ones who represent the union of both your lives. Oh home, home, thank God for home! Some day a shadow shall fall upon that home of yours. *The circle will be broken.* Sister, perhaps husband will be the first to go. One last lingering look, and then the casket shall enfold him. Is that moment to be the period of one wild, hopeless and eternal farewell? "Goodbye forever, goodbye forever!" Suns may rise and set, moons may wax and wane, tides may ebb and flow, years may burst in springtime's glory and drift again to winter's snows, generations may rise and wither, the world roll on into milleniums, but never again the contact of soul with soul, never again that presence.—"Goodbye forever, goodbye."

Such, if recognition ceases at death. Such, if our

vagrant spirits be cast out, nomadic, into an illimitable universe.

But what of the other eventuality?—What if we *do* know each other as our Lord Jesus intimates in this parable, in fact as he himself was known by his disciples when he willed that knowledge? If we do know each other, then I say, what a reunion in the presence of the King! O ecstacy too tremendous for words—

'Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come,
And the parting at the river I recall,
To the sweet vales of Eden, they shall bid me welcome home,
But I long to see my Saviour first of all.
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, as redeemed by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, by the print of the nails in his hand."

Yes, as Moses and Elias were known on the Mount of Transfiguration, as Jesus himself was known when the apparition of his presence appeared to his disciples, love's angel presences shall be recognized.

QUESTION NUMBER SIX:

Do those who have passed on discern more clearly the meaning of life's mystery?

Jesus says they do. These two men stood face to face with ultimate reality. Lazarus had read the meaning of his pain, Dives discerned the tragedy of his selfishness. It takes *that* life, my brothers, to supplement *this* life. It takes the light of eternity to illuminate the enigmas of the life that now is.

I read in Isaiah's prophecy concerning Jesus, this forecast: "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Is not that the spirit of the song we sing:

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land;
We'll see the meaning of our tears,
And then sometime we'll understand"?

O you, who travail in the anguish of unanswered prayer, who brush the midnight dewdrops from the Garden of Gethsemane, look up! Sometime you too, shall see of the travail of your soul, and shall be satisfied.

O man, battling against the hell of strong drink, sometimes at midnight the very infernal regions seem to open, dark spirits shriek beside your couch. My brother, have you wrestled, wrestled, wrestled to the point of exhaustion? Does life at times seem for you a veritable inferno? "Say not the struggle naught

availeth". Sometime you also, my brother, shall see of the travail of your soul, and shall be satisfied.

Young man, grappling with fierce temptation, sometimes alone in your room in the apartment house, do you spend the night giving and receiving blow on blow? Does life seem to you nothing but a welter of temptation? O my boy, sometime you also shall see of the travail of your soul, and shall be satisfied.

Young woman, treading in loneliness the straight and narrow way, groping alone amid the temptest and the night; cut off perhaps from popular favor, ostracized because you have refused to walk the way of a giddy world, does your soul sink in discouragement and loneliness? Look up, my sister, in the white light of the throne, your noble character consummated, your God's "well done" resting upon you, you also shall see of the travail of your soul, and shall be satisfied.

Or you, winner of souls, toiling on for the Master, your every effort at times ending in defeat and failure—

"Go labor on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Master's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?"

You also shall see of the travail of your soul and shall be satisfied.

Oh, the revealing of eternity!

QUESTION NUMBER SEVEN:

Does life's incipient moral drama continue into the Great Beyond? In other words, is the play brought to its close, or, though death rings down the curtain on the first act of this world, somewhere yonder does the curtain rise again? Does the drama move on, and on, and on?

Jesus says the drama continues. Behold those two lives of the parable. The opposing tendencies observed on earth move on into the ranges of eternity. The big drama continues to unfold and unfold beyond the tomb.

One of Shakespeare's characters exclaims, "If 'twere done when 'tis done, 'twere done quickly." I say to you on earth it is not done when 'tis done. A great man, a president of the United States, has died, but a book has gained circulation on the earth. The other day I spied on the table of a friend, "The President's Daughter." I hope the contents of that book are untrue. It hurts me to believe dark things of a great man, but true or false, there it is. Life is not over. Life lives on.

"If 'twere done when 'tis done"!—It's not done *here*. Is it done *there?* Jesus says no. The drama continues to move.

But someone objects. Life is so short, eternity so long. Why should the endless depend upon the immediate?

Answer: So many of life's observed big issues hang on moments. So vast a future even on earth may be decided in the fraction of a second. Looking at my own life, I am startled, but illuminated to find that the years I am living today, and must continue to live tomorrow, involve the unfolding of decisions made in fractions of time.

These two souls once stood where the ways diverged. One trod one branch of life's highway, his human comrade took the other. At first they were close together, but as they journeyed, they continued to separate farther and farther. Every year saw the distance widening, until one found his ultimate objective in the light, the other found his consummation in the darkness.

What solemn words those the Master puts on the lips of Abraham: "Between me and thee there is a great gulf fixed". My life has observed great chasms. I have stood on the brink of the Grand Canyon, and

looked down into a mile of sheer space to where the Colorado River sped in sinuous rapids. But that great gulf is being bridged. From rim to rim, an airy trestle mounts.

I have looked into the abysses of the Royal Gorge, mountain opposing mountain, dizzy summits catching the echo of your voice and splashing it back to dizzy summits. Appalling precipices where only the mountain goat ventures a precarious footing, yet over that a trestle swings.

From bank to bank I have looked across the seething rapids of Niagara. Bridged again.

But, my brothers, there is a mightier gulf, in the presence of which the soul shudders with unspeakable awe. It is the gulf that separates goodness at its logical finality from badness at is logical finality.

May that chasm ever be bridged? Only God knows. One thing, however, seems certain: no human power can reach across. Only a God of infinite wisdom and love and mercy can suggest a hope that sometime, somewhere. . . .

Wonder we at the great apostle's urgent appeal?—"We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did by us beseech you, we pray you in Christ's stead be reconciled unto God."

QUESTION NUMBER EIGHT:

And last of all: *Are those who have left us interested in the life that now is?*

Jesus answers affirmatively. Listen to the sinner's pathetic appeal: "Father Abraham, send Lazarus to my father's house for I have five brethren".

And what says the apostle in the last verse of the first chapter of Hebrews? "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?"

Do you know what that means? My brother, have you ever been in a place in your life where sorrow crushed you so absolutely that you could not pray? When you had to call upon resources outside of yourself? God knows during the days of the year just past, there have been times when I have gone to that prayer sanctuary, closed the doors, fallen on my knees before the altar and cried out from a heart overwhelmed with pain, "O Father, my dear Father, look upon your boy today. You are nearer the throne of God than I am. Pray for me! Leave me not today! Pray God for me!"

Call this sentimentality if you will, call it Roman

Catholicism if you will, call it whatever you will, it helped mightily. At those moments I felt that I was not quite alone.

The picture that Jesus paints of souls in the other world is not a picture of somnolence, but of intense activity. What is the great encomium to that victor spirit of the five talents? "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, now *I will make thee ruler over many things.*" You have been active in the past, the future will see activity more intense. You have achieved in the past, the future will see achievements more tremendous. You have known servitude in the past, but the apprenticeship is served. Now you shall command. "I will make you ruler over many things."

How it brings to mind the reported last utterance of that good man, President Harper, dying within sight of the spires of the great university his genius, his energy and his devotion, had caused to be silhouetted against the western sky—"And Lord, grant that for me there may be another life after this life, and in that life may there be work to do, tasks to accomplish."

Who can tell but that the soul of Livingstone

may be the most potent force in Africa today? Who can tell but that in India the soul of Judson marches on? Or Ashbrook in China? Or William Booth in London? Or a million nameless, but consecrated spirits, exerting upon the life that now is, forces incalculable though unseen. Who can tell but that the spiritual tendencies in the lives of living men move in the direction of guiding torches borne by invisible hands?

"Tell Mother, I'll be there,
In answer to her prayer";—

we usually sing on Mother's Day. Perhaps the idea is all wrong. It may be we have turned the song around. Perhaps, my boy, that dear Mother of yours represents the spiritual force supremely responsible for the bringing of your soul into light and pardon and peace.

ECHOES FROM THE GREAT BEYOND.—They come! They comprise the sweetest music of life. Merciful God enrich us with thy celestial antiphonies.

"Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love."

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